"MODERN MAN," MARCH 29th, 1913.

£7,280 FOOTBALL PRIZE. YOUR LAST CHANCE.

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

ROYALTY GOES TO "THE PICTURES."

AN UNPRECEDENTED OCCURRENCE.

The Duchess of Albany Makes an Incognito Visit to the Holborn Empire.

Our readers will remember that last week we referred to the unprecedented occurrence of an evening's entertainment at Buckingham Palace which consisted exclusively of cinematograph pictures, and in connection with which interesting and rather surprising event we promised an exclusive announcement in our next number. Now for it. We had just heard from Claremont, the residence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, that the genial widow of King Edward's youngest brother intended to go to "the pictures," owing to her having been prevented from seeing them at Buckingham Palace on the evening of the Command show.

* * *

Witnessing an African Hunt.

We were placed under obligation not to divulge the secret until Her Royal Highness had actually left the picture palace, so, of course, our pen had to remain dry, although Royalty at "the Pictures" is something which was hardly within the realm of probability. However, the Duchess of Albany duly went to the pictures, and thoroughly enjoyed them. The hall was the Holborn Empire, which then probably saw Royalty beneath its roof for the first time. The Duchess demanded great secrecy, but by the time H.R.H. arrived the red carpet had been hastily run out into the street, though it wasn't long enough to reach the curb, owing to the pavement thereabouts being the widest piece in London.

The Duchess came in soon after the House was full, and the street quiet. The audience did not recognise Her Royal Highness, who wore her little peaked Victorian widow's cap, and her presence excited no comment whatever. The "pictures" were, of course, the same as those shown at Buckingham Palace to the Royal family—Mr. Paul J. Rainey's African hunt, and the Royal party, which consisted besides H.R.H., of Captain Edward Seymour and Lady Katherine Meade, were immensely interested with these wonderful photographs.

* * *

Princess Mary Gets the Picture Craze.

I hear, too, that Princess Mary was so delighted with the pictures that she asked her mother, Queen Mary, to let her go to one of the Oxford Street Picture Palaces, and we should be in no way surprised to find ourselves sitting ne[xt] her youthful Royal Highness. Fortunately for Pr[in]cess Mary, she is still in the happy position of being quite familiar to the public, and not long ago we saw her [at] a fashionable Bond Street photographers while a cro[wd] people were about, and not a soul was conscious that [the] nation's darling was on the pavement. Five years [hence] Princess Mary will be unable to move outside Buckingh[am] Palace for the crowds who will gape at her everywhere.

The Duchess of Albany's example was soon followed [by] her pretty daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, who, [with] her husband, went to Coventry Street on Tuesday after[noon] last and attended the inauguration ceremony of a new pi[cture] palace opposite the Prince of Wales's Theatre. No w[onder] the prices are going up in the Cinema business, for Soc[iety] is eagerly following the "lead" of Royalty in its de[scent] to "the pictures."

* * *

Earl Curzon Settles a Curious Sartorial Point.

Ought a man to wear mourning for his mother-in-[law]? This is a question which confronts most men once at [least] in the course of a lifetime, but nobody has ever been [able] to answer the question authoritatively. What has [been] wanted is an example from a leader of society of the he[ur] and most indisputable credentials. And at last this [de]sideratum has appeared. He is Earl Curzon, of Kedl[eston] nomenon has appeared. He is Earl Curzon, of Kedl[eston] Chancellor of the University of Oxford, ex-Viceroy of I[ndia] ex-Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, LL.D., F.R.S., [and] Lord Rector of Glasgow University, eldest son and h[eir] Lord Scarsdale, and a scion of that Curzon clan who [have] been in the Baronage of England ever since the Bar[ons] began.

Earl Curzon may still be seen any afternoon str[olling] along Oxford Street in his smart blue coat with the [fur] collar, with an amused smile upon his bland face. [He] in no wise saddened by the fact that his one-time mo[ther]-in-law, Mrs. Levi Leiter, now lies in her coffin. At the [same] time, his Lordship's three charming young daughters [will] doubtedly inherit a Jewish strain from their late mo[ther's] grandparents, and as they will inherit a very hand[some] fortune from the will of their grandfather, the late Mr. [Joseph] Leiter, and another one now that Mrs. Leiter is dead, [they] have some cause to put on a little crêpe at this moment.

* * *

Serious Illness of the "Queen" of the Earl's Tournament.

I learn that Queen Alexandra is deeply concerned [at] serious illness which has overtaken the lady who now [bears] the title of Lady Curzon. It is a curious thing that [the] two prettiest women in the English peerage in recent [years] have both been "Ladies Curzon," though they had [nothing] to do with each other. The Lady Curzon who now [lies] so ill, has but the remotest connection with Earl Cu[rzon], albeit she is one of his stock. She is the wife of [the] Viscount Curzon, the eldest son of Earl Howe, who [is] Alexandra's handsome Lord Chamberlain, and it will [be] remembered that last year she was the Queen of the [Earl's] tournament at Earl's Court.

Seated upon a white throne, surrounded by a [bevy] blue-blooded maids-of-honour, the pretty young Viscou[ntess] presented a spectacle of loveliness unexcelled among [the] fair damsels of the Twentieth Century. She was [then] Curzon, being own first cousin to her husband. She [was] twenty-three at her marriage in 1907, and she has [since] her husband with a son and a daughter. Lord How[e] scends from the same Curzon stock as the ex-Viceroy. [The] countess Curzon has been staying with the Grand [Duke] Michael at the Villa Kasbeck, at Cannes, and as [she] peculiarly well-known to Queen Alexandra, the [latter] tinguished lady makes daily enquiries in regard to [Lady] Curzon's condition.

* * *

Sad Years of the Oldest British Duke.

The poor old Duke of Grafton is again in [deep] He has now outlived nearly all his once large family, [and] his nonagenarian days are full of sadness. It was [only] last year that his eldest son, the Earl of Euston, died, [while] the Duke was lying seriously ill at his Suffolk seat. [On] same day his Grace's sister, the Dowager Lady Pon[sonby] died at the age of ninety-four. By the death of [the] Euston, the Duke's only surviving son, Lord [Henry] FitzRoy, became Earl of Euston and the future Duke, [now] now that gentleman's wife is dead.

The Countess of Euston had been ill for some [time] her house at Harrow. The Duke of Grafton and [his]

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son were for many years not upon speaking terms. There was good reason for this. Lord Euston gave his worthy old father no end of trouble at one time. In his hobbledehoyish days he fell violently in love with a circus-girl, and married her. As the lady's reputation was by no means unblemished, the marriage was a great shock to the FitzRoys, who are one of the semi-Royal families of England, descending from Babs Villiers's brat by King Charles II.

The riotous strain of the Merry Monarch and the Villiers wench has often come out in different generations of the FitzRoys, and in none so conspicuously as in the case of the late Lord Euston. Naturally enough his Lordship and his circus-girl soon repented their marriage in haste, and after leading an unhappy life for some years, Lord Euston finally gave up trying to find happiness with his virago, and went off to make his fortune in the Australian bush.

* * *

Romantic Marriage of the Late Earl of Euston.

At that time the Duke of Grafton was simply Lord Charles FitzRoy, and there was a possibility that the then Duke might have sons by his wife, who was a daughter of the third Lord Ashburton. However, this did not happen, and at the sixth Duke's death in 1882 his brother, the present Duke, stepped into the family honours and estates, and the circus-girl became "Countess of Euston." The possibility of her one day being Duchess of Grafton was simply heart-breaking to this proud stock, and proceedings with the object of annulling the marriage were begun. The case proved dramatic. Kate Walsh had apparently had a husband before she met Lord Euston, and he was found, after a prolonged search the world over. He was supposed to have been drowned, but he turned up all right, and proved that Kate already had one husband at the time he went through the marriage ceremony with her.

* * *

Kate Walsh Wins All Ways.

Consequently the marriage of Kate and Lord Euston was a valid one, and after a fortune had been spent upon the lawyers in the efforts to disprove the legality of the marriage, which was followed by Lord Euston's bankruptcy, Kate Walsh remained "Countess of Euston." All this time the old Duke was very bitter at the way his good name was being dragged in the mire. But just ten years ago his Grace's mind was relieved to hear that the Countess of Euston was dead. So at last Fate saved the horror which for years had been as a nightmare to His Grace, and then, and only then, did he become reconciled to his son, Lord Euston.

Fortunately, too, Kate Walsh had had no children by her noble husband, and so that trouble was ended, after twenty years of family strife. Lord Euston, as already stated, died last year, and it is the wife of the new Lord Euston who now lies dead. The old Duke did good service in the Crimea, and is a General of the British Army.

* * *

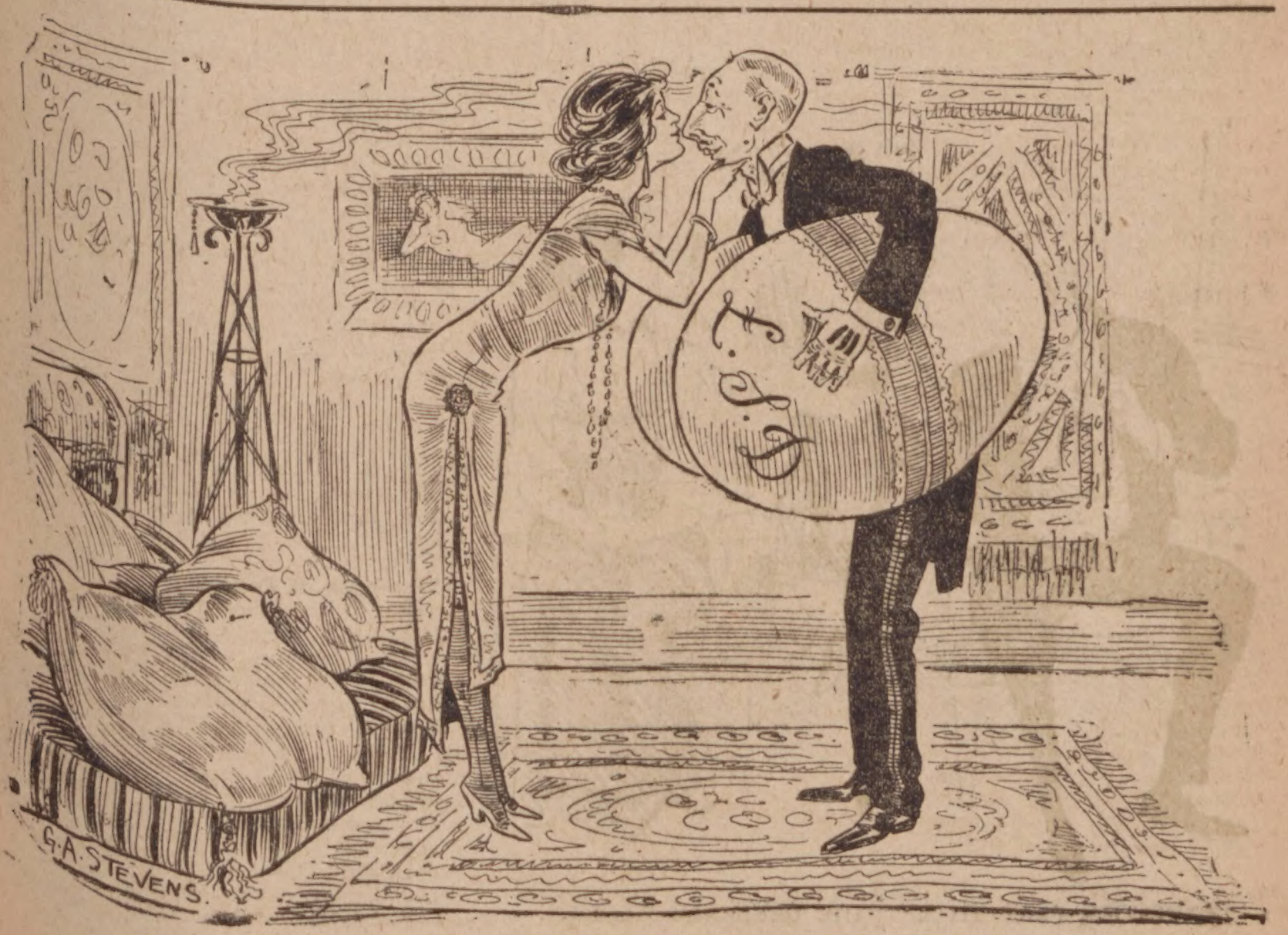
Police and Suffragettes.

The police force have grievances peculiarly their own against the petticoated rowdies of the militant Suffragette gang, members of the latter having hit, scratched, and otherwise maltreated members of the former in the execution of their duty, times without number. But the disgusting females who attempted to reach the King and Queen in the course of their progress to the Houses of Parliament had reason to be glad that foot and mounted constables were at hand to save them from the irrepressible indignation of the crowd, by whom they would most assuredly have been roughly handled but for the timely intervention of the men in blue. The well-grounded suspicion that the recent burning and wrecking of railway stations was the work of Suffragette fiends has further and unmistakably incensed the public against the "militants," and many of the spectators of the scenes near Marlborough House were just in the humour to take the law into their own hands, and to give the insulters and annoyers of their Majesties a taste of the flavour of their own favourite methods of violence.

* * *

No Second Division for Suffragettes.

When a prisoner is sentenced to any term of incarceration "in the second division," the only intention is to ameliorate the conditions of punishment. Again we protest against the second division for convicted Suffragettes. To give them "the benefit of the Act" in this respect is to abuse the Act. Thus to abuse it is to give judicial countenance to the preposterous pretence that these women are "political prisoners." Of all offenders, offenders of the "Votes for Women" brand are the least worthy of any preferential treatment; but as a matter of fact they get more of it than any other class.



The Duck and the Goose with the Golden Eggs.

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FOOTBALL COUPONS.

The assassination of King George of Greece by a half-witted wretch came as a shock to all Europe, and our deepest sorrow is felt for those whom his late Majesty has left behind. For Queen Alexandra, the dead King's sister, public sympathy is very deep.

* * *

Curious Wedding Gifts.

To be conventional nowadays is to at once place yourself amongst the unenterprising. Even weddings are not run on the old-fashioned stereotyped lines, and the latest novelty in the way of wedding presents is likely to give the timid much cause for apprehension.

At a Society wedding recently, the bride and bridegroom presented each other with revolvers as wedding gifts, and it is quite conceivable that in the near future we may see in the papers, amongst the list of presents: "bride to bridegroom, gun; bridegroom to bride, 5,000 rounds of ammunition."

That is, of course, in high Society; but in the lower ranks in the account in the local paper of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. 'Orace 'Awkins, of Acacia Villa, Montmorency Road, Lambeth, we may read: "Bride to bridegroom, one large-sized poker; bridegroom to bride, flat iron."

The matter assumes a serious aspect. Of course, you might say that the poker is merely to stir up good feeling in the domestic fire, and the flat iron to smooth out any marital unevenness; but you will fail to remove the uneasiness the writer feels on the subject. Marriage has hitherto been characterised as a gamble; nowadays it promises to partake of the nature of a pitched battle.

* * *

The continuation of the "Messiah's" amazing "defence" has, unavoidably, to be held over until next week, when, as announced in our previous issue, a portrait of Sister Ruth will be given.

* * *

Problem of the Tramp.

The tramp problem as a whole, has been under the consideration of a special committee of the Oxted Board of Guardians, and the Board, adopting the committee's report and recommendations, has asked the Local Government Board to promote legislation on the following lines:—The placing of all casual wards under the control of the police; the adoption of a uniform way-ticket system throughout the country; the establishment of labour colonies for habitual vagrants; the reception of female vagrants into the workhouse, and not into the casual ward; the sending of children of habitual vagrants to Industrial Schools or other places of safety and training.

If other Committees and Commissions of Inquiry frequently squeezed into their more voluminous reports half of the sound, practical common-sense that the Committee-men have embodied in theirs, the public would have greater respect for them. The next best thing to curing the tramp is to repress him, and Oxted should show the country how to do it.

* * *

Buying a Wife.

"It amounted to this—that Captain Morrison, who is a rich man, practically bought the wife of Mr. M for £5,500. That was what it came to."

Thus Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane in the Divorce Court caustically summed up a transaction which concerned Captain James Archibald Morrison, a millionaire, who returned as M.P. for Nottingham at the last general election, but whose present address was not stated in court, a case in which Mr. Marcellus Raymond Morand, an actor petitioned for a decree dissolving his marriage with Helena Woodley Morand, formerly on the Gaiety stage, on the ground of her misconduct with Captain Morrison. The case was not defended, and the parties agreed to damages to the amount of £5,500.

Romance invariably receives its death blow in the cold and sordid Divorce Court, but one cannot help feeling that there is something rather cold-blooded in this matter-of-fact and callously business-like agreement amongst the parties in this case to assess the damages for the wrecking of a home at £5,500.

But, if nothing else, it points to the omnipotence of money—money which will buy most things, even a man's wife—but not happiness.

And where does the woman come in in these things? Does she get her fair share of that which accrues from the purchase price? Does the man always do the "correct" thing and legalise what has been an illicit love? Not always.

* * *

The "Emergency Exit."

In the olden days we buried our suicides at the cross-roads, and by way of enforcing this Christian proceeding a stake was driven through the body. We did this until 1823, when the State became less brutal and dispensed with the stake, but even in these enlightened days we still bury those who have "laid violent hands on themselves" as we would a stray dog, without the sympathetic intercession of the Church.

Certain of the clergy have persistently set their faces against a more humane procedure, but it is good to find that the Vicar of Dartmouth takes a very broad view.

He says:—

> "Those who are driven to suicide are, often than not, are more sinned against than sinning. The burial service, which was penned for converted men and women, is, however, used indiscriminately on criminals of all kinds—whether they have paid the full penalty of their crimes in this life or not. You and I hope it will be used over us, but as for our moral right to it—are we sure that it is greater than that of many a poor distracted soul who has been denied it for one reason that he or she has made use of the emergency exit?"

And, after all, who are we to judge? It is surely not the spirit or the essence of Christianity to deny spiritual ministration to the poor soul who has wearily fumbled at the tangled skein of Life and despairingly sought Salvation on the Other Side by way of the emergency exit.

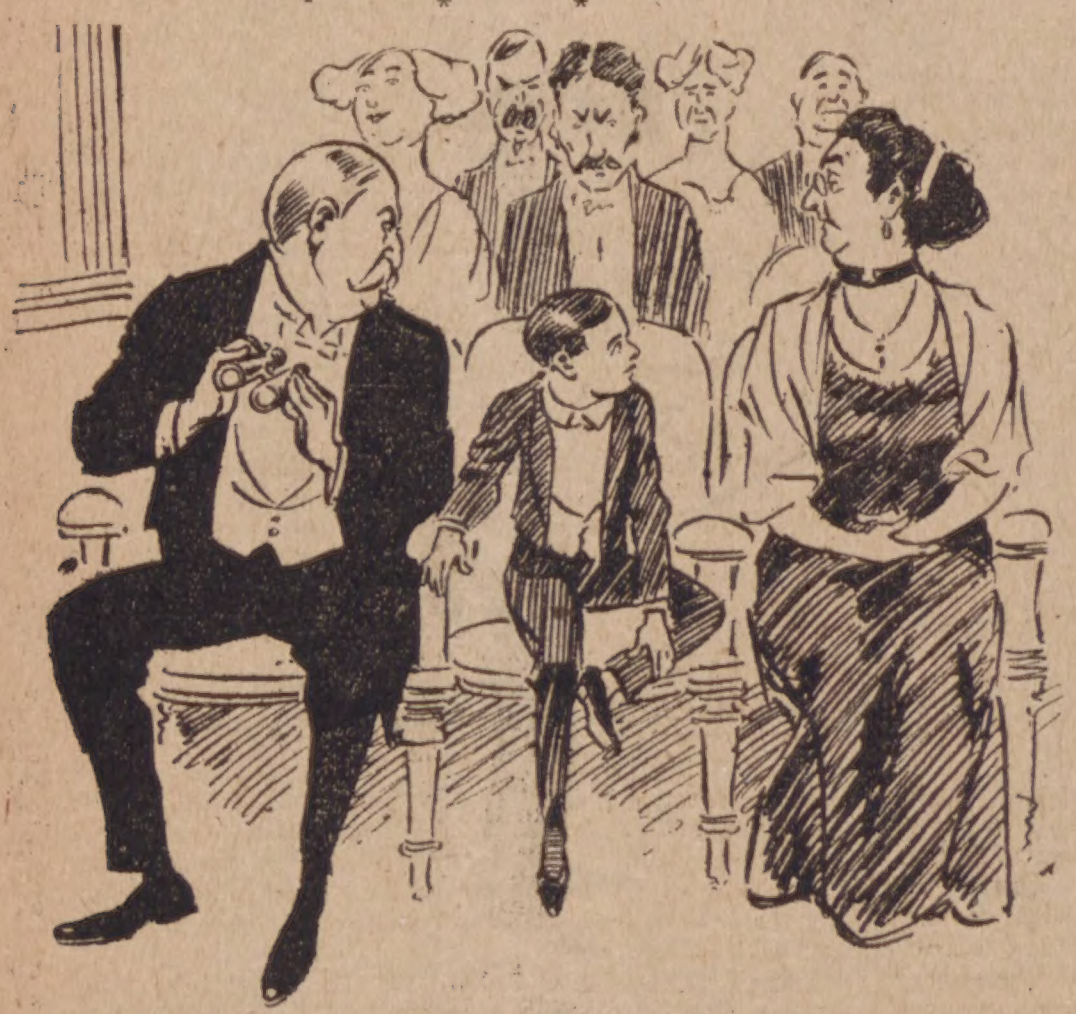
* * *

The Kiss of Peace.

We all know the type of woman who appears at the police court with a black eye and bruised arms and emphatically denies that "that man" has "bashed her about." With unworthy lack of attention to veracity she declares that she got these beauty marks by falling.

There was a case at Marylebone recently. A woman who had given her husband in charge for assault, refused to give evidence against him as he was a good man and she "locked him up when he had a temper." As the prisoner left the dock he delightedly kissed him on the cheek and thus sealed the compact of peace.

The loyalty of womankind passes all comprehension. The more you beat them the stronger is their affection apparently.



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE GENERAL'S GLASSES.

(Small Boy: "You were quite right, Auntie what you said yesterday; Uncle Sam is very fond of the glasses.")

SEND AT ONCE FOR SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

hat would happen to the passengers
Tube" train should anything befal
driver? Is there any method of being
to quickly get to the driver's cabin
so prevent a catastrophe?
e is impelled to ask this question
eading that the driver of a Parisian
derground" train fainted at his
and the train dashed at full speed
gh several stations, a disaster only
averted in the nick of time by a
eman in the front coach managing
et to the engine and bringing the
to a standstill.
e frequent service of our under-
nd trains, which is at once a boon
the point of view of quick trans-
ation, might have the obverse side
ragedy should sudden illness over-
a driver. Automatic signals and
laborate system of switches would
f no avail then.

* * *

Stranger in Our Midst.

wo men named Lucas were charged
e West London Police Court,—one
r a doctor—with insulting two
ans at Hammersmith.
heir idea of fun apparently was to
hold of one of the Indians by the
and march him through the Broad-
and afterwards to express surprise
there should be any trouble over
nigger."
. Fordham, the magistrate, told the
ndant, Samuel Lucas, that he had
d as a cad, and that in his view a
gentleman was preferable to a
e cad.
hese Indian gentlemen are as much
nbers of the same state as are resi-
ts of Clapham, and they should be
tected from insult at the hands of
ple whose breeding seems to leave
e than a little to be desired. Mr.
dham could have used stronger lan-
ge in condemnation, and we should
have condemned him.

* * *

sphemy and Liberty.

demand for the early repeal of the Blasphemy Laws,
ich judges have denounced as "ferocious" and "in-
nan," was made by a large meeting in town, when the
nion was expressed that these laws were an infringement
the great principles of civil and religious liberty.
This is all very well, but since discretion and temperance
language are very rare virtues amongst a certain section
ly of people should be protected.
Under the thinly-veiled guise of various creeds there is
eady far too much of that which borders on the blas-
mous to be heard every day in Hyde Park. The repeal
the Blasphemy Laws would result in a veritable tornado
blasphemous oratory. If that is liberty we don't want it.

* * *

"If you have got it down, let it go," said Mr. Austen
amberlain when he found he had been speaking in the
sence of reporters. Under such circumstances most
blic speakers would have anxiously exclaimed "You mark
words."

* * *

e Channel Smuggler.

A recent case reminds one that the abilities of the female
uggler by the Channel steamers nowadays appear to be
tly confined to getting lap-dogs safely landed, and thus
cape three months' parting from their pets. Under the
portation of Dogs Order, which was passed with the ob-
t of assisting to stamp out hydrophobia, any dog landed
a Channel port from the Continent has to be segregated
a veterinary surgeon's for three months in order to pre-
nt any risk of this dread disease being spread by these
ports. The adored Fido and Pompey are in the
me category with all their kin, and upon the Customs
icers is cast the duty of preventing any smuggling in of
ese pets.

MOST IMMODEST.

Visitor: "You surely don't go riding bareheaded!"
Equestrienne: "Oh, rather! Why, I often go barebacked."

To avoid having to declare themselves possessed of a dog, ladies have resorted to all sorts of devices, and no doubt in a certain number of cases they are successful.

Sometimes a Customs officer is assisted by a dog notifying its presence just at a critical moment by giving a yelp.

In one such case a lady had placed a pet dog in a bag, which she had attached to her waist under her clothing. The steamer had nearly reached Dover, when a smothered bark attracted the attention of a Customs man.

He questioned the lady and was not satisfied with her denials, the result being that he handed her over to a female searcher at Dover Pier, when poor Fido was fetched from his hiding-place in a semi-suffocated condition.

* * *

Drugged before being taken aboard.

In other cases small dogs have been drugged before being taken on board in their mistresses' handbags, or muffs, or placed under their coats. Recovery from the effects of the drug before Dover was reached has in various cases caused this scheme also to fall through, with the result that several pounds have had to be disbursed in the local police court, and the pet has had three months' change at the seaside.

Customs officers assert that fair smugglers frequently attract attention to themselves by nervous movements. In some instances mal-de-mer has upset the lady's best-laid plans, and the dog has been discovered by a stewardess, who has whispered a word to the Customs officer. Undoubtedly much the safest, as well as the wisest, way for any lady who does not wish her pet to experience three months' detention at a vet's. is to leave him at home while she is holiday-making on the Continent.

Ladies have been known to smuggle other dutiable articles, even including tobacco. In one case a lady was almost swathed in tobacco when examined by the female searcher. They are more frequently detected in the smuggling of scents, but in any such cases the infliction of the treble duty and confiscation of the articles is a good deterrent against repeating such attempts.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER HUGE PRIZE SCHEME NEXT WEEK.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Mr. Eustace Gray has been telling me all about a brand new telephone number he is presenting on the occasion of his ministrels' re-occupation of the Palladium for matinees.

* * *

I won't tell you all about it, but I will mention that it is intensely interesting and original and thoroughly worthy of Eustace—so all's well with the show. See you there Easter Monday afternoon, I suppose?

* * *

Miss Florence Smithson is seriously ill with pneumonia and pleurisy; that means six weeks, at least, I'm afraid. Her husband, Dan Rolyat, is now just about convalescent, and "thinks he'll manage without a horse in his next show, thanks!"

* * *

You may remember that our particular reason assigned for the phenomenal prosperity of the Lane panto. this last season was the smooth working in unusually happy unison of Geo. Graves, Will Evans and Renee Mayer. It is gratifying to learn that precisely these three have been retained by contract for three years. So we were evidently right again!

* * *

"POTTED" PELISSIER" AT THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

I was present a few days ago at an exhibition by some alleged fakirs (a colleague of mine swears they are Russian) at the London Pavilion. They were making pin-cushions and chopping-blocks of their anatomies. You know this sort of thing gives one "cold feet," and I can't imagine how on earth they got there at all!

* * *

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's farewell season opened at Drury Lane last Saturday. Miss Violet Vanbrugh with "The Woman in the Case"—(sterling good value this!)—replaces "The Son and Heir" at the Strand.

* * *

Mr. Louis Meyer informs us that if the supply holds out he will stage exclusively the more intelligent type of farce at the Strand for the future. Very wise—people pay money to laugh or to be charmed these days as a reaction from the deadly earnest grapple with competitive commercialism.

* * *

Miss Ethel Irving will produce "Vanity," a new comedy by Ernest Denny, at the Globe on the evening of Tuesday week. Her initial effort at management!

* * *

Our comedians of the black faces that wash white enough must look to it! There is opposition from the yellow department. Mr. Giro Kim is elocuting with correct Japanese pidgin-English accent in "Bought and Paid For" at the New, and a Chinese civil engineer is singing ragtimes and classics in quite a good baritone at the Hippodrome!

W.R.C.R.

ROMANCE OF OLD CLOTHES

Scenes in a Wardrobe Store.

Old clothes are like ruins, not so picturesque, of cou but quite as instructive. All clothes that men and wo have worn are haunted—they have their histories as as houses.

There is one wardrobe shop where I often look in; old dame who keeps it is something of a character. makes a comfortable income out of the flotsam and jet that drifts her way.

"Yes, they could tell some tales if they could speak," says as I glance at the garments spread about the shop.

A bonnet nods at me familiarly, reminding me of o saw perched on the head of a pantomime dame. A wreathed hat conjures up visions of a pretty girlish and a pair of little slippers peep at me from under a with a coquettish air, as if the tiny feet were still in that danced down life's flowery byways until they re the thorn-strewn wilderness which is the boundary.

There is a strange pathos about the orange blo wreath and the bridal veil which repose in a glass far more to my thinking than the suit of widow's weeds hang against the wall.

The one may have belonged to some "Lost Lenore," perhaps they are the only things that remain of an modern "Ginevra," but the weeds are suggestive of resurrection, or donned perhaps for the purpose of "k men that live," and not mourning for the dead.

Mrs. Blaine seems to read my thoughts.

"She hadn't worn them three months before she bro them to me—she'd met a nice young man who'd fall love with her tidy little business—she kept a tripe sh and she with him—and now? Well, she's got him to that's all."

It did not need Mrs. Blaine to tell me who had bee possessor of that handsome overcoat with its deep collar and cuffs, though I marvelled a little at seeing there.

"A fine man he was, and a good actor in his day."

"How did it come your way, Mrs. Blaine?"

"Well, his landlady took it for his rent, and I'd k her a long time, so I bought it just to oblige her; it good for my customers, so it's a bad bargain."

The door is pushed wide open, and a woman comes A woman with painted cheeks and lips reddened b and when the golden wig had slipped a little I co glimpse of grey hairs. Her eyes hard, and yet so able, look at me, and a mechanical smile comes to her Mrs. Blaine takes the parcel from her. A casc satin and lace falls over the counter, and then beg usual haggling.

It ended very soon, however, and then the door behind that customer.

I watch her as she goes across the road.

A tiny child has run out into the busy roadway a toy—a motor is coming along. Those hard, evil eyes the danger, and the daughter of Pleasure! makes and picks up the mite just in the nick of time.

She is a Magdalene, but the look on her face moment is the one the Madonna wears.

I turn back into the shop—Mrs. Blaine is folding gown.

"She'll be drunk on the money I give her for this to-" she says. But I think of the action I have just wit and believe that that deed will be as fragrant as the box of spikenard.

A few puffs

and often the ordinary ready-made cigarette is to be thrown away. Only half-value and hot are got out of such cigarettes.

Try making your own with *fresh, cool* tobacco roll it in "A.G." Cigarette Paper. You will find smoke better than any you buy ready-made—and *will cost less, too.*

But the paper must be right, not the thick often used—see that it's

"A.G." Cigarette Pap

The thinnest of thin cigarette paper—and purest, too.

Sold everywhere.

REVELATIONS FROM LONDON'S CHINA TOWN.

Some twelve months ago Tsee-Tchu's Wednesday's visits were a recognised institution. When the cringing little Chinaman appeared in the doorway with his tray of assorted wares, I could have set my watch to ten o'clock. With the same painstaking regularity he used to display his goods to my gaze. I never bought anything of him, yet he went through unprofitable ceremony, before sitting down and indulging in an hour's chat in a barbarous mixture of French, German, Pidgin English, and Chinese.

Being able to understand one another, more or less, we chatted of many things, but never would he take his leave before he had extolled upon the beauty of his wife at Shanghai, the smallness of her feet, the deep yellow of her complexion, and the acuteness of her almond eyes.

Of a sudden his visits stopped and remained suspended until a day or two ago, when Tsee-Tchu's small figure appeared in the door way, and disported himself as before without giving any explanation for his long absence. Before leaving he gave me a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, when he would introduce me to his wife and son.

I naturally anticipated to make the acquaintance of his Celestial spouse, whose fair fame he had so often proclaimed, and I was not a little astonished and shocked when I saw a pale-faced English girl nursing at her breast the most copper coloured, flat-nosed, almond-eyed baby that it has yet been my fortune to set eyes upon.

The Chinaman was grinning with delight and pride. I had never seen him so happy. The girl, for she was hardly more than 18 years of age, bore an expression of mingled dread and submissiveness, as she pressed the half-bred infant closer to her bosom.

"She loves her child!" I said to myself, "and such a child!"

In the jargon she could not understand I asked Tsee-Tchu whether his Shanghai wife had died.

His grin grew broader than ever. He literally beamed, assuming as he did so, more and more of a demoniacal expression, which seemed to frighten the girl, and replied that his Chinese wife was well, and that this was his English wife.

"Did you marry her?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you have two wives?"

"And one in San Francisco as well."

"What will become of her when you leave England?"

"Oh," he answered coolly, "I'll give her to a friend who will feed her and love her."

This incident caused me to enquire deeper into the habits of the inhabitants, who are crowded together in London's China Town, and more particularly their relationship with English girls.

Tsee-Tchu was my guide. He took me to his friend's places, where often twenty or thirty men were reclining on their low beds, some already under the influence of opium, others kneading the little pellets, lighting them in the long stemmed peculiarly shaped pipes, which gurgled in a manner that would have upset any strong stomach. After a dozen whiffs or so, the pipe was handed to the neighbour, who in turn would pass it on and sink off into his sweet dreams.

And everywhere I met English "wives" and half-bred, impish looking children.

The women not infrequently also indulged in the sweet-poison that gradually sapped their moral sense, and reduced them to being the toys of these Orientals, who look less like men the closer one becomes acquainted with them.

In one street I counted over twenty urchins, fruits of unnatural unions. At the street corners I could also see crowds of white girls speaking to Celestials, girls who, like a hundred others, will be introduced into the opium dens, and then descend quickly the steep incline of demoralisation, becoming first the "wife" of one, and then of another Chinaman, and the mothers of their ugly children.

Already the number of these degraded women in London's China Town is very large. Yet no stop is put to the way of the yellow man.

Englishmen quietly tolerate this canker at their heart, and tacitly acquiesce in the shame of their sisters.

Is it not high time that the Chinese with their gambling and opium hells, fatal fascination for poor deluded girls, were forcibly prevented from doing further mischief?

The Colonies have called a stop to these iniquities already. In New Zealand and Australia the Chinee's evil practices have been eradicated by strict legal enactments. America and Canada also have protected themselves. England alone neglects to protect her women.

THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE.—*Judge.*

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FOOTBALL COUPONS.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The Fare: "Excuse me, sir; could you oblige me with change of a sovereign?"

Horatio (actor): "No, sir, I'm sorry I cannot. But—er—thank you for the compliment."

* * *

THE POACHER HUNTERS.

Sequel to a Visit to a Country House.

"Come down to my place," wrote Strange, "and have a few days' shooting," but I'd rather have done anything else.

The country is so rough. You have to exert yourself so much, and that kind of thing is entirely out of my line. All the same I would not for the world have refused the invitation.

Strange had at one time been a clerk in our office. That was in his hard-up days, before he had the remotest idea that he would succeed to his uncle's property.

Strange met me at the station with a trap.

"Of course, you can shoot?" he said, and I said "Of course I can."

He gave me a gun, and I explained that it was one of a different kind from what I had always been accustomed to, and I made him show me how to put in the cartridges.

As we went down the drive I raised the gun to my shoulder and shot at something moving in the grass just by way of practice. I do not suppose I would ever have learned what I bagged, because the gun hit me on the shoulder with such force that when I got up again I was too sore to think of anything beyond myself, but Strange was very nasty about it.

"You've shot my sister's Persian kitten," he said, lifting a mangled creature by its long bushy tail.

I explained to him that the cat should not have been there, and that anyhow it would have to die some time, but Strange was always a pig-headed man, and I doubt whether I convinced him.

* * *

I was very hungry after my exertions during the day, and I had two helpings of everything, but at last the dinner came to an end, and Miss Strange and her friend went away to the drawing-room. Strange and I now did full justice to the wine, I particularly.

We were becoming nicely mellow over our glasses when suddenly Strange leapt to his feet.

"What on earth is that?" he cried.

He stepped across to the window, drew the curtains, and threw it up, and we listened. Then came the sharp crack of a gun right down in the coverts where we ourselves had been shooting that very afternoon.

"Poachers, by the Lord Harry!" cried Strange. "My keepers are fools! I must go and tackle the rogues myself. Will you come with me?"

I would rather have done anything else, but I c scarcely refuse. We did not take time to change our b but just threw on overcoats, armed ourselves with keep bludgeons, and dashed out towards the coverts.

We crossed a field in which I think cattle must have grazing. How often I slipped and fell I do not know, once I collided with a great ugly cow. At length we rea the covert and paused again to listen. There was n sound, not the crackling of a twig.

"You take that path," whispered Strange. "I'll go way and see if I can catch them. If you come upon any don't hesitate to use your stick."

With that he stole cautiously away till he was out sight.

For my part I stood and shivered, for in spite of the c coat my clothes were thin and my dress shoes were lea Just as I was wondering whether I could decently j Strange and go back to the house, I heard a noise a fe way up the path, and a great hulking brute came dash towards me.

He never said a word, but raised a stick he was carry and bore down upon me.

I am not a timid man, for I once had an uncle in the re torials, but at this moment I felt I had really better ret to the house.

I was about to put this decision into effect when I d covered that my feet had stuck in the muddy ground, a I had to stop there whether I wanted to or not.

Just as the brute was upon me I turned in sheer despe tion and made a swipe at him with my stick. It caught on the arm, and his own stick went flying out of his ha

He clenched his fists and made a drive at me, but I up my bludgeon in front of my face, and the crash and yell that followed showed me that he had barked knuckles badly upon it.

I felt that luck was now on my side, and, swinging stick round, I tapped him sharply upon the head with He seemed to be afraid of my stick, for he sprang in grasped me, pinning my arms to my sides.

I thought at first he would crush the breath out of body. He lifted me up, leaving my shoes stuck fast in mud, and then he threw me down on my back.

But my blood was up. I thought of my uncle, wriggled round till I had caught him by one foot. I bit his leg.

He let out another yell of agony at this, and kicked in the face with the heel of his other foot.

Quite a lot of stars suddenly appeared, although the had hitherto been black as pitch. He was just going to me again when I reached for my bludgeon, which had knocked out of my hand, and, using it like a lance, I a stab at him, aiming at his stomach.

Unfortunately for me he caught the stick and wrenc it out of my hand. I have not the slightest doubt that would have killed me with it, but I am an extrem unselfish person, and it struck me that my friend Stra might at the moment be requiring my assistance. wheeled about and bolted down the path.

I turned this way and that, losing myself completely my endeavours to find the path that led to the house, I was just giving myself up for lost when I shouted Stran name. A faint reply came from the other side of thicket, and I made my way toward the spot. There Strange on the ground, holding his head in his hands.

"What's the use of giving way to fear like that?" I as "Be a man. Face the villains boldly as I have done."

"Oh, I have had a fearful fight," he said; "four m attacked me, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I them off."

"That's nothing," I replied. "Five men set about m For it doesn't do to let a fellow like Strange beat you such matters.

"I've got an awfully sore head," said Strange, "and of them ate a piece out of my calf."

"I've lost my shoes," I said.

At that moment some rough men came out of the co and I prepared for another struggle, but it appeared they were only the keeper and his assistants.

"Could we be of any assistance to you?" the keeper as Strange.

"Yes," said Strange; "you can help us back to house, but why didn't you come to our assistance sooner

"Oh," said the keeper, "we heard some shots here s came down and hid ourselves to watch. Then we saw two gentlemen begin to fight, and we thought it would be good manners to interrupt you in your little dispute.

Nothing will persuade me to go poacher-hunting with an ass as Strange again.

£7,280 FOOTBALL PRIZE. YOUR LAST CHANCE.

£7,280 FOOTBALL PRIZE. YOUR LAST CHANCE.

Worked out simply on the basis of twenty years, the magnificent sum of £7,280 represents what awaits the winner of our Premier Football Award. But, of course, there is no reason why it should not be double or treble this amount. This week you have your last chance. Don't miss it.

The Premier Prize of £1 a DAY FOR LIFE

will be awarded to the person sending in all the correct forecasts for the League matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Just realise what this means, **£7** a week is yours for putting your football skill to the supreme test. Do not fail to compete for this golden pension.

Even if you do not succeed in forecasting all the correct results, we give to the person sending in the coupon which is nearest correct

£1 a week FOR TWO YEARS.

Newsagents' Award 10/- a week FOR TWO YEARS

This magnificent pension will be awarded to the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the coupon which is successful in winning the £1 a day for life.

You can **SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE** and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, March 28. This competition allows ample time for all to compete, so I hope every one of my readers will take advantage of

This is your last opportunity to enter for this competition.

THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, March 29th, and for the prize of £1 a day for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in the names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £1 a day for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 19, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, March 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £1 a day for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £1 a day for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 19.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	NOTTS COUNTY.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
GLOSSOP	v.	BURY.
HULL CITY	v.	FULHAM.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	BLACKPOOL.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON WAND'ERS.
WATFORD	v.	GILLINGHAM.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	NORTHAMPTON.
BRIGHTON	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WEST HAM	v.	BRENTFORD.
EXETER CITY	v.	MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	READING.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	NORWICH CITY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	SOUTHAMPTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

ANOTHER GRAND COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Would the well-connected husband of an ex-chorus girl, at present living apart from him in a furnished flat in a South-Western suburb, be pleased to learn the full details of his wife's connection with a short, dark, clean-shaven personage who is well known on race-courses all over England?

* * *

Was not a certain lady in a Western district of London rather lucky to obtain £20 damages recently from a local tram-car company for an accident to herself last Christmas Day? Would she have fallen off the car if the occasion had not been during the "festive" season?

* * *

Who is the West End actor who causes so much distress to the other occupants of his dressing-room when he is preparing for the performance? And what are the names of the bright spirits who are clubbing together to buy him some soap and scrubbing-brushes?

* * *

Facts have come to our knowledge regarding a secret institution which is to all intents and purposes an agency for supplying false evidence in police court, High Court, and other actions.

* * *

Naturally enough, the astute promoter of this organisation does not advertise his business in any form; but he is in touch with every shady solicitor in the legal profession. He specialises in the supply of paid "perjurers" who are willing to swear to having witnessed misconduct between the parties in divorce cases, "accidents" in the street involving injuries to pedestrians from vehicles, and so on.

* * *

The agency's headquarters are the promoter's rather dingy flat in the Long Acre district; but the magnitude of the business done is far beyond what would be imagined from general appearances. He is at present making upwards of £2,500 a year clear profit out of his staff of male and female assistants; but the question asserts itself: how much longer is Scotland Yard going to remain inactive?

* * *

Why was it that when a lady—not unknown on the lyrical stage—called upon a Harley Street specialist for a consultation and told him that she had a six-weeks'-old baby, he expressed such surprise at its having been born alive?

* * *

Was it quite in keeping with the dignity of his calling for a fairly busy Admiralty counsel to persuade a rather simple-minded retired Army officer to commute his pension for the purpose of buying a worthless and nearly bankrupt trade paper in which the barrister was financially interested?

* * *

Why, when the police authorities have recently displayed so much energy in putting an end to the activities of fortune-tellers in Bond Street and neighbourhood, do they allow an old crone in West Kensington to make quite a fair income by calling at the flats of "actresses and others" in the surrounding districts for the purpose of telling the fortunes of those ladies?

* * *

Was not a young unmarried woman at Brixton, who overlaid her infant child, which she had just removed from a nursing establishment, very fortunate to escape a rather unpleasant charge subsequent to the inquest?

* * *

Would the wife of the individual whose initials are J.B.A. be pleased to know how often he wires to certain ladies requesting them to meet him at Rule's?

* * *

We think it is time the attention of the charitably inc... public and private men and women was directed to ... activities of an elderly man with a wife and family in ... Old Kent Road. He keeps a comfortably furnished ho... rented at £35 and rates in that thoroughfare on his "e... ings" by begging-letter writing.

* * *

He is as full of ideas as a first-class advertising specia... and he presses his wife and each of his seven children ... his service. Letters addressed to peeresses are gene... written by the young ones, one of whom has even suc... letter to the Queen. Certain bishops have been successf... communicated with by the wife; while the man himself, a... ex-soldier, writes in the majority of cases to retired office... mostly colonels and generals—of unsuspecting natures.

* * *

Who gave the journalist's wife the mongrelly dog— ... collie and half Pekinese spaniel? And why does she lav... so obvious an affection on this unearthly-looking creatu...

* * *

Why did the wealthy dame in West Kensington dis... her young and attractive cook in favour of a little old wo... of almost hideous aspect? And why has the son of the h... suddenly decided to start on a lengthy walking tour?

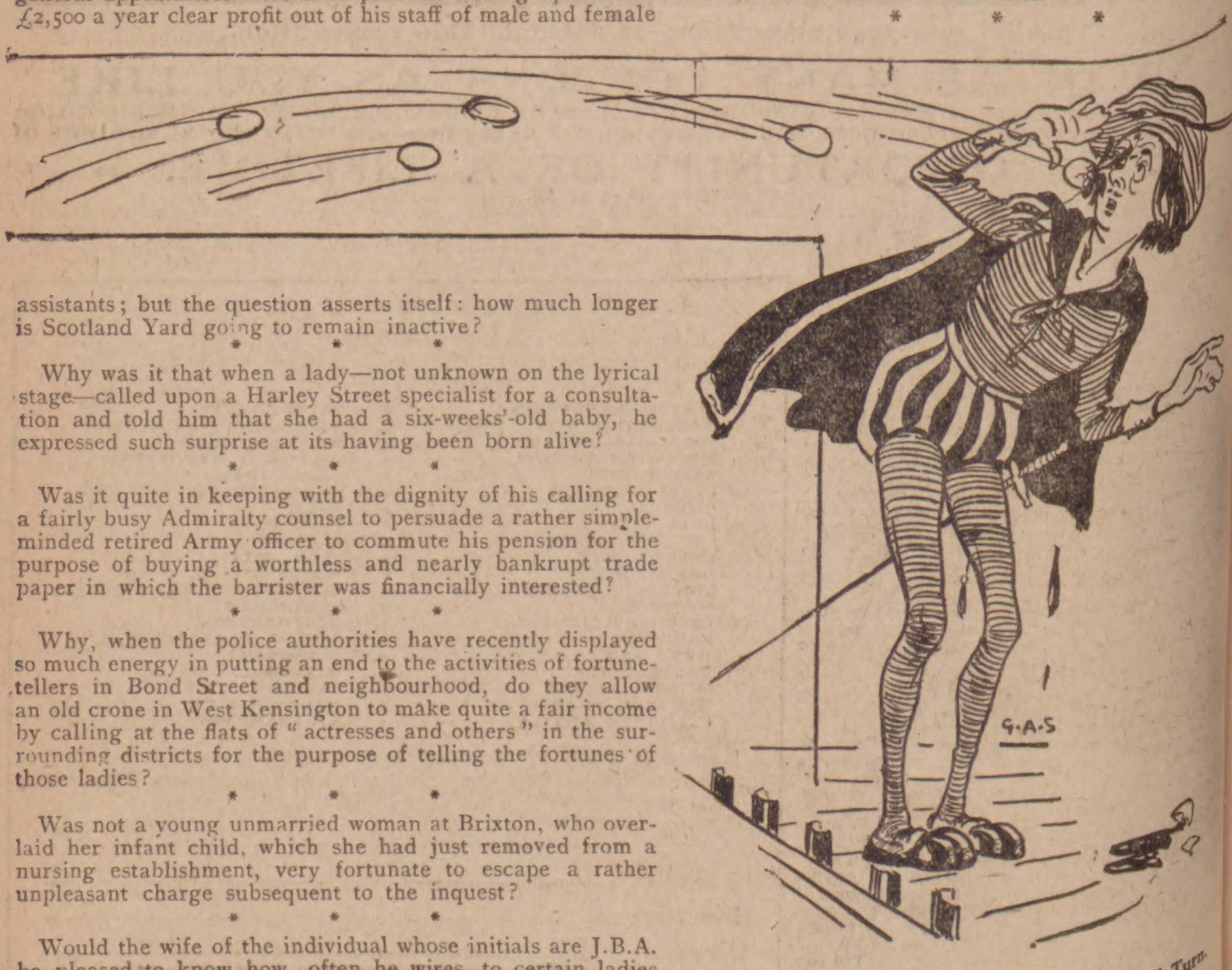
* * *

What was the well-known West End theatrical and var... agent exhibiting to the chorus ladies in a dressing-room ... the ——— Theatre, to arouse so intense an interest ... excitement on their part? And is there any connec... between this incident and the undeniable fact that his o... nowadays are fuller than ever with fair applicants ... engagements?

* * *

Do not be surprised if a charge of perjury arises sho... as a result of an investigation by the King's Proctor ... the evidence in a recent divorce case involving co... theatrical and musical notabilities.

* * *



Our Music Hall Note: The "Eggs-tra" Turn.

MORE SMYTH-PIGOTT REVELATIONS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEE...

TEN MINUTES IN FUNNYLAND.

A well-dressed man entered a flower-store, threw down a "V," and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He had been out with the boys and was feeling and looking rather "rocky." The flowers, apparently, were intended as a domestic peace-offering.

The florist picked out a dozen chrysanthemums, and the customer started to leave. At the door he hesitated and called out:

"Say, watsh th-h flowers called?"

"Chrysanthemums."

The man shook his head.

"Gotta have jump'n somethin' 'n 'at. Gimme a dozen pinks."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Son: Why do people say "Dame Gossip"?

Father: Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."—*Vermont Crabbe.*

* * *

HE WAS.

Counsel (for prisoner): I strongly recommend you to plead guilty.

Prisoner (charged with murder): I'll be hanged if I do.—*The Queenslander.*

* * *

Sad one (jauntily): Would you like a nice partner for the next dance?

Glorious one (innocently): Why, yes! Bring him up.—*Princeton Tiger.*

* * *

HIS AWFUL DILEMMA.

Midnight, and in the smoking-room of the club sat a young man huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hello, Smith," he asked cheerfully, "not gone home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? It's the end of everything! It means ruin, grief, and spoiled life!"

The friend looked frightened.

"Here, Smith, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you."

Smith clinched his fists till the knuckles showed white.

"No one can help me!" he cried in agony. "I have come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE HAUNTED TRAMP.—*Judge.*

LEAPING AT THE OPPORTUNITY.

Father: "You want to marry my daughter! Why, she's too young!"

Suitor: "Yes, I know. But I thought I'd come early to avoid the crush."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

Ada: I wonder why she wears such tight gloves?

Eva: That's the only way she can get her hand squeezed.—*Ohio State Sun-Dial.*

* * *

IRRELEVANCIES.

A good wife is a man's consolation, and a bad one his bachelor friend's vindication.

Never judge by appearances and always remember that you will be judged by them!

Secrecy with women consists in telling a thing to only one person at a time.

Through the path of friendship to love, yes. But never think to return by the same route!

The emptiest man in the world is the one who is full of himself.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

* * *

NOT BALANCED RIGHT.

"I'm a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right, except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."—*Winnepeg Telegram.*

* * *

Employee: Mr. Hirem, my wife wants me to go shopping with her. Can I get off this afternoon?

Employer: Positively, no! We're too busy and can't spare you.

Employee: Thank you; you are very kind, sir.—*Judge.*

* * *

"I have read three novels by your cousin Amada. In none do the lovers marry. Now, that is peculiar!"

"Oh, not at all! She is much too envious to give others such happiness!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

BUSY FOOTBALLERS.

Teams and Their Tasks.

I only made passing reference to the semi-final ties in last week's issue, but even so, I do not think it necessary to deal with them at any length now; in fact, the only point I need touch on is the question of Burnley's ability to oust Sunderland, since I have previously made it very plain that I expect Aston Villa to appear at the Palace, to do which they have to dispose of Oldham first.

The tie in which Burnley's chance comes into question promises to be about the most exciting encounter in this season's competition, and whatever the outcome, the losing team will be far from disgraced. Last week I remarked that the Second Division team's chance of appearing in the final was somewhat remote, but on second thoughts I am not so sure that I am correct in that respect, and I now rather incline to the view that they have as good a chance as their opponents.

What Notts County Should Do.

The most important point to be taken into consideration is whether or not the bustling cup-tie methods of the Turf Moor team will prove so effective as to put the Sunderland men off their game. If so, then it is conceivable that they will win, but if it proves to be a case of science triumphing over force then Sunderland and the "Villa" will fight it out on April 19th. I think this is what it will probably amount to.

There is another busy week ahead, and as the result of the matches played, when we come to reckon up points, it is very possible that those teams hovering about at the bottom of the various leagues in a state of uncertainty will know their ultimate fate. Of the games to be played today I should say that Aston Villa will find little difficulty in vanquishing the Arsenal, and the other two London Clubs in the First Division seem to be in for a like fate, Chelsea at Liverpool, and the "Spurs" at West Bromwich. It is possible that Notts County may yet escape relegation, and they may gain something to this end at the expense of Bradford City, but if they cannot win they should get one point. The other games in this division present a very open appearance, and I should not be surprised if the majority of them end with neither side able to claim an advantage.

In the Second Division, Notts Forest, visiting Bradford, will probably drive the homesters further into the mire, and Barnsley should also win away from home, as Bristol City are not exactly a formidable combination, and no doubt the visitors are the better side. Bury will, most probably, send Leeds City away empty handed, but it is not so certain that Fulham, even though playing at home will get the better of Birmingham, who, if they do not win will most likely hold ther hosts. Clapton journey to Leicester, where they have not gained a point during the past three years, but they will probably go one better this time and break the sequence of reverses on this ground by getting at least one of the brace. One of the toughest games in this Division will be at Hull, where Preston are the visitors. That they will play for all they are worth in an endeavour to secure both points goes without saying, but whether they will do so or not is open to doubt, as Hull are not by any means the easiest of teams to overcome on their own ground, but Preston should at least hold their own.

Some Possible Results.

In the majority of cases, the matches in the Southern League look like resulting in a win for the home team, but at the same time there are at least two in which it is likely that the visitors will triumph, these being at Merthyr, where Swindon will be on show, and Norwich, where the locals entertain Northampton. A drawn game may be that between Stoke and Gillingham. There are some half-dozen or so mid-week matches due to be played, but I don't think we need bother with them, but get on to the week-end, when some of the results may be as under:—

Home winners: Bolton, Liverpool, Clapton Orient, Hull, Leicester Fosse, Notts Forest, Merthyr Town, Plymouth, Swindon and, West Ham.

Away winners: Blackburn, Sheffield Wednesday, Birmingham, Bury, and Millwall.

Possible Draws: Manchester City and West Bromwich, Sheffield United and Middlesbrough, Brighton and Queen's Park Rangers, Crystal Palace and Reading.

MY NOTE BOOK.

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FOOTBALL COUPONS.

Wonder how many of my readers who sent in football coupons, or intend doing, have really given it the thought: "Well, if I succeed in carrying off the first prize of £7 a week for life, and supposing I only live under the scheme for, say, twenty years, in that time I shall have profited to the extent of £7,280."

It may be that many have done so; in fact, it may be that a number of football enthusiasts of, say, twenty years of age or less even, have pictured themselves being able to make things much easier, in other words, of being provided with a substantial income for treble the number of years upon which the calculation of the £7,280 prize has been based.

Whether you have already reckoned the offer out in this way or not, I feel sure it will interest you immensely and impress you more and more with the magnificence of the scheme.

It comes to this, that a huge fortune awaits the man or woman who correctly forecasts the results of the matches set down in *Modern Man* to be decided on the 29th inst.

It will be noted that I have not omitted to mention the ladies in connection with the competition, and after last week's announcement everybody will admit that they should be included. The success of Mrs. Battye, of Batley, Yorkshire, in connection with the No. 18 competition—this week will receive 10s. a week for two years from *Modern Man*—has aroused considerable interest in the North. She has received congratulations from a very wide circle of friends, and this week I have introduced into my "Note Book" Column a photograph of the fortunate lady.

MRS. BATTYE, WINNER OF A FOOTBALL PENSION PRIZE

You have your last chance this week to compete for £7 a week for life. See to it at once. All coupons must reach us not later than the first post on March 28th.

Then, again, look out next week for full particulars of another grand new competition, in which huge cash prizes will be offered. It will be something really new, and should be very popular. The Smyth-Pigott revelations, unavoidably held over this week, will be continued in our next issue.

* * *

"THE SIMPLIFIED SPELING SOSIETI."

Modern Man is always ready to hear the other side." Mr. Sydney Walton, Secretary of the "Simplified Speling Sosieti," 6 Russell Street, London, W.C., writes: "In your issue of the 22nd ult. there is a deplorable reference to 'spelling cranks.'

"I wish I could mix up my metaphors according to example you set in speaking of 'cranks of the deepest dye.' This is worse than the confusion that prevails in the case of spelling. 'Haven't I spelled "income" right?' said the author. 'No, you have it "incum."' 'Ah, yes, I have missed out the "b."'

"Your note-writer thinks we cannot be amusing and cannot accuse him of failure. He says: 'English spelling was never really settled by anybody; it settled itself.' Is a very modern man who says this—he has forgotten history altogether. Dr. Johnson settled it; spelling 'uphill' with one 'l' and 'downhill' with two, and 'cocoanut' as we gathered it from the cocoa plant!

"These 'spelling cranks' are really a noteworthy company. Gladstone was one of them, Lord Avebury is another, Shaw too, all whose knowledge of philology qualifies them to speak. And what is behind the movement? The saving of at least a year of every child's school-life. 'In these busy times,' to quote your words, this saving is worth while."

YOUR EDITOR.

LOOK OUT FOR SOMETHING NEW IN COMPETITIONS.

THE MODERN MAN
No. 36:
MR. H. A. HUMPHREY.

The new pumps at the Chingford reservoir of the Metropolitan Water Board have made suddenly famous their modest inventor, Mr. H. A. Humphrey. King George showed the keenest interest in the method in which the water is blown by gas power, and lifted, from the River Lea into the reservoir, and since then the inventor himself has explained the principles to a large party of visitors.

It will be recalled that the Water Board had already decided upon the usual pumping machinery, and had out an engineer of the Board was present when Mr. Humphrey, in the autumn of 1909, at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, read a paper describing his revolutionary invention, and this was the means of altering the decision.

Mr. Humphrey was asked to tender, and, his price being £19,000 beneath the next lowest, he was informed that he could have the contract—if he would consent to a fine of £20,000 should the project fail.

Like many other great ideas, Mr. Humphrey's method of pumping is not really complicated. A mixture of gas and air is exploded in a chamber in which the surface of the river water forms the piston, and the water is thereupon blown into a tower, where it is maintained, oscillating in a series of explosions, but always held above the level of the outlet upon the reservoir. There are five of these explosion chambers at Chingford, and the sight of all the five outlets discharging over 1,000 tons of water per minute is in itself a fine spectacle.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN" BECOME A PART OWNER.

WIT AND WISDOM FOR THE LADIES.

At one time Chinese women thought English women looked like wasps ready to break off in the middle. But the modern Chinese woman, if she wishes to be thought stylish, never talks in this way.

Her dress is made of foreign material, and she will pay three times as much for foreign brocades as for native made, although the home-made will last her times longer.

A SUGGESTION.

Ladies could make their hatpins handy by using them for filing bills on when shopping. A common cork is all that is needed to render a now dangerous article useful and harmless.

* * *

Press Your Clothes.

Women complain of their costumes not looking smart after one season's—perhaps two season's—wear. They declare that their skirts lose their shapes and the coats their lines.

They cannot understand why this should be so, and they blame the tailor.

Now, what would a man's suit look like if he kept wearing it month in month out without pressing.

A woman's costume should be sent to be pressed just as often as a man's. Press your clothes, ladies! It costs but little, and in the end it is the cheapest and best thing to do.

* * *

The Woman's Hour.

She sits in some palm-shaded spot,
Far from the ball-room's glare—
And one whose love is more to her
Than all the world is there.
Impassioned words are on his tongue,
Oh! all men speak the same;
She listens, like some tropic flower,
Her throat and face aflame.
He takes the outposts of her lips,
She owns the Love God's power;
And vanquished, yet is conqueror.
This *was* the woman's hour.

Within some vast and public place
She stands defying man;
Gone the charms which once could captivate—
The modesty which can;
She rings the Ministerial bells,
Her voice is loud and strong,
Derides the patient man in blue
Who bids her pass along.
And woman's way it leads at last
To where [illegible] lower;
Convicted—she a martyr is—
This *is* the woman's hour.

One of the most up-to-date philosophers tells us "matrimony is a business" and should be conducted strictly business lines. To many this comparison may seem like an approach to sacrilege. It is true that there is a lack of love's sweetness and sentiment in the prosaic [illegible] which we commonly include under the head of "love," yet the inherent desire to idealise love should not make us blind to the fact that even the tenderest passion plays a part in life that entitles it to be treated with practical common sense.

If we faced the experiences of matrimony with [illegible] the spirit we display when entering upon a business agreement we should find marriage more like the ideal that poets have pictured. The man who takes a partner in a business venture does not anticipate a life free from [illegible] ances. He realises that his associate is a human being like himself, with peculiarities and opinions of his own—peculiarities and opinions that are not unlikely to be productive of inharmonies.

Let such an occasion of discord arise, however, and [illegible] prepared to meet it sanely and sensibly. The two [illegible] sit down quietly and talk the matter over calmly and dispassionately, threshing the question out by considering [illegible] phase after another, until they finally reach the ground of mutual desire—a basis of equitable agreement.

It is the only way in which business affairs can be conducted successfully. It is the only way in which two individuals can live together in harmony, and the fact that two have been made one does not alter these conditions.

* * *

How Madagascar Widows Are Treated.

In Madagascar, upon the death of any man of position on the day of the funeral the wife is left in the house while the rest of the family return from the tomb.

But as soon as they enter the house they begin to abuse her with most abusive language, telling her that it is her fault that her winiana, or fate, has been stronger than that of her husband, and that she is virtually the cause of his death. Then they strip off her clothes, give her a dirty cloth, a spoon with a broken handle, and a dish with a foot broken off with which to eat; her hair is dishevelled, and she is covered with a coarse mat, and under this she remains all day long, and can only leave it at night. She may not speak to her own relations until she has been first divorced by her husband's family.

The Madagascar widow endures all this sometimes for a year, or at least for eight months, and even when [illegible] over her time for mourning is not ended for a considerable period. She is not allowed to be at home to any one who comes into the house. She is not allowed to wash her hands, but only the tips of her fingers.

WHY HE MARRIED.

Bettie: "Did he always look as miserable as that?"
Hettie: "Oh, yes. In fact, I think he married her to have a good excuse for it."

EVERY LADY SHOULD COMPETE FOR OUR PENSION PRIZE

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 6:

A PRINCESS OF PASSION.

THE STRANGE LIFE-STORY OF HELENE VON RACOWITZA WHO MARRIED THE PRINCE WHO KILLED HER LOVER.

... it was that the whole world knew almost as soon as my love for Paul von Krusenstern. I made absolutely no of it! So intense was the outbreak of my passion that von Kotzebue used to say in later years, 'I have witnessed elemental forces in my life. I have been in a typhoon; seen one of the greatest volcanic eruptions of this century, was a spectator of Helene von Donniges' first love!'"

ene von Donniges was that superb woman, Princess Helene Racowitza, whose chief claim to fame was that she was weetheart of Lassalle. That distinguished apostle of Com- n and author died tragically in Geneva for Helene some years ago. Helene followed him, from a dose of chloral te, in Munich, only eighteen months since. Her death was n keeping with her amazing life. Helene von Donniges, being the sweetheart of Lassalle, married the man who him, Prince Yanko von Racowitza. What a stormy career e's was! Surely the world has no parallel for such a life-

In her veins flowed the fiercest blood of the Vikings. ather was a twin, and, at three years of age, nearly killed win sister in a childish quarrel. Helene's mother was a er of one of the cultured Jewish families of Berlin.

a young man, Helene's father became the Ambassador of Bavarian kings at different European Courts, and in her y, therefore, Helene came into contact with an enormous er of eminent men and women. At seven years old she was d by her grandmother through the window of a burning As a child Helene enjoyed the keen regard of the ian King Louis, and together the two children used to play ine fairies," in the gardens of the palace in Munich.

n Vondendorff's Impression of Helene.

had a "vivid" temperament. She was surpassingly ... her teens, with a wealth of brilliant red hair, ... was immensely proud. She was an excitable, ture, wild and easily aroused, readily thrilled in all "soaring heavenward, smitten with deadly depres- ... a "spirit" which urged her at six years old with the brothers of her girl friends.

up, too, in an atmosphere wholly irreligious, while parental sides there existed an absolutely fanatical love Morals were always a secondary consideration.

had a passion for truth. She was early initiated into of life by her friend, the Countess K——, who her wedding night incidents, and added: "Men are I found I was not his first love! He has loved many ... in the same way!" To which Helene, in her belief quality of the sexes, asked, "Why don't you do the He does, you can do!" And no explanations could that what a man could do a woman couldn't.

Baron Voldendorff's character study of Helene von his "Remembrances of an Old Munchener." He her in a drawing-room.

The sun's rays fell on the figure of a young girl who sat window niche—a girl of such extraordinary beauty that I ectively held my breath in order not to disturb this ure out of a fairy tale. Dainty and winsome as a fairy, sharply-cut profile, in which the slightly aquiline nose, and nely-drawn mouth, were conspicuous, she sat, or rather ed, in the chair, her little head drawn back as if by the glorious golden hair, and her eyes bent dreamily And what eyes! Later on I often looked into do not yet know what colour they were, whether ... green! They continually changed colour; some- ... the most gentle, dove-like expression—particu- ... the heavy lids half hid them as if in fatigue—they ... eyes of a beast of prey. It was apparently a child of fourteen years of age, but she was developed like a girl of eighteen."

With such a personality, Helene von Donniges was destined to the heights and depths of human joy and sorrow. Trouble began early enough. She, with her parents, was passing through Sardinia, when a wealthy Italian widower of forty-two, who was extremely handsome, fell in love with Helene's mother. Finding she was already wedded, he made love, and proposed marriage to, Helene, in order to be near her mother. Helene's head was soon filled with confused notions of marriage, married life, etc., at a time when she should have been busy with her school books.

Helene's First Great Love Affair.

She did not see this handsome lover until long after she had got into the habit of receiving love-letters from him regularly, as he commanded the Fortress of Alessandria, and he could not get leave. But when the Italian lover turned up, and Helene was confronted by a bulky giant with a huge black beard, she positively refused to marry him. Her consent, however, was not a necessity with her parents.

Ambassadorial changes taking the latter to Berlin, Helene there met the Prince von Racowitza, an impressionable youth who in later years was destined to live and die for her. Together they raved over philosophy, until another change took Helene back to Italy, where her father was Minister in Turin.

Her mother's health making a change necessary, they went to Nice, where Helene hobnobbed with Bulwer Lytton, Meyerbeer, Lord Brougham, Dickens, Prince Barclay de Tolly, old King Louis of Bavaria, and the transitory King Max. One day Prince Barclay de Tolly drove Helene and a party of friends to Villefranche, where they met two young naval officers, with one of whom, Paul von Krusenstern, Helene fell violently in love.

This was the stormy passion so admirably described by Baron von Kotzebue in the first lines of this chapter.

"Intoxicated with Love!"

Of this period of her strange life let Helene tell herself. "I now abandoned myself with every fibre of my heart to love. It was so intense that no one dared to interfere between us. Amidst the orange blossoms and flowers, and on the blue sea waves, in ball rooms, and on horse-back, we were oblivious of all else, and were like young gods in the early days of mankind. Society was amused, and people laughed at us, for we took no pains to hide our feelings. Things went on like this for some time. We were content with what life offered us in its many opportunities of meeting and embracing.

"But with the long days of summer, the longing to possess overcame us in our youthfulness. Two summer evenings rise before my mind's eye—splendid, hot and full of perfume. At a picnic we two rode away from the rest of the party, and let our horses wander where they would. Intoxicated with our love, we arranged a rendezvous in the garden by moonlight, in an arbour of roses, for that night. When the time came I flew, rather than ran, to the spot, where, hidden in the entwining roses, my young lover waited me."

"Blessed be that Night of Flowers."

"But strange! When I was quite near, my courage failed me; shame crept over me at what I was doing, and my feet, which had borne me so lightly to the spot, now seemed unable to carry me across the threshold of the arbour. Paul, my wild Paul, reclined within. Whilst waiting for me he had strewn the arbour with quantities of roses, and now began showering them on me. I stood on the threshold in a rain of flowers. Then he rose up. I remained at the entrance, and whispered,

"'What am I to do?'

(Continued on next page.)

A GRAND NEW COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908

Share Capital - £25,000

Issue of 460,000 Ten Per Cent. Participating Ordinary Shares now offered for Subscription at par. Payable in full. 1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, and this dividend [illegible] as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares, and after [illegible] of the profits have been distributed to the Deferred Shares, the remaining profits of the Company will be equally divided between the Ordinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is proposed to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st of September. The dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be for September 1st, 1913, and will be calculated from the due date the shares were applied for.

DIRECTORS.

CARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director). Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.
GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertising Director).
G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyholme, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill. (Circulation Manager).

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

JOHN BARRINGTON & CO., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SECRETARY & REGISTERED OFFICES.

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the publications an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby of furthering the progress of the papers as well as of sharing in the profits.

"MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and the rapid increase in circulation in the past six months clearly demonstrates how highly the public appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the month of December, 1912, shows an increase of 49,799 copies over the month of June, 1912.

A large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in advertising your papers, and by this means the Directors believe they can still further increase the circulation of "MODERN MAN" during the next twelvemonth by another 75,000 copies per week, and "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" by another 50,000 copies per issue. This extra circulation would bring a much greater advertisement revenue into the paper.

The following is an estimate of the profits which may be expected to result from the additional circulation and advertisement revenue to the Company:—

Profits from extra circulation on the basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,100	0	0
From extra advertisement revenue	4,520	0	0
	£10,620	0	0
Less additional offices expenses and commissions...	1,000	0	0
		£9,620	0	0
The amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300	0	0
The amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500	0	0
		[illegible]	0	0
Leaving the sum of		£6,820	0	0

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO PAY A FURTHER DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO THE DEFERRED SHARES AND TO PROVIDE £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the [illegible] below, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company, together with remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited, or [illegible]. If in any case the number of shares allotted be less than those applied for, the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Registered Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908

Form of Application for Shares

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for .... 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby agree and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby undertake to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me on the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

Description .....

Usual Signature .....

Date 1913

"Then he laughed, and, throwing the last of the roses at me, called out, 'Go! go! my sweetest one, and if ever anyone else begs you to come to a rendezvous, then I shall say to him—Go!'

"I heard no more. I turned round, and rushed, flew, exulting into the house, not knowing why I was so glad, nor why immediately afterwards I was weeping bitterly. But another summer night ended differently. We had neither of us discussed or arranged anything. I had crept alone into the bower of roses. Beneath the heavily scented sprays I dreamed, and thought, and wished, and longed. There he stood, then knelt beside me, and his voice, which always intoxicated me, whispered, 'I knew you would be here!' We hardly said anything else. Love, youth, the glorious summer night, these did the rest, as they have done since time began, and youthful love existed. Oh! blessed be that night of flowers! A short time of mad intoxication followed, then the Russian fleet left the Mediterranean. Weariness and desolation entered my paradise, and my young, longing heart!"

Tragic Fate of Helene's First Lover.

Helene von Donniges never saw Paul von Krusenstern again. His father arrived in Nice not long after to ask Helene's hand for his son, but her parents objected to her going to live on the Krusenstern estates in North Russia, so the marriage never took place. Many years after, when she was widowed, Paul sent her another proposal, for he had become a great gambler, and his family looked to Helene as Paul's only salvation. But, strange to say, marriage with her first lover attracted the spritish spirit of Helene no more, and Paul then went off to the North Pole, became stranded on an iceberg, and died of starvation.

Says Helene: "I cherish an affectionate remembrance of him to this day, and have often defended him against attacks of friends who called him 'A base seducer!' No! a thousand times no! That he never was! There was never any question of seduction in our case. It was the attraction of two young creatures towards each other, perhaps even without the real, great love. This came in my case later—the longing for love, for all that is loving and beautiful. It was the working of the wonderful south with its seduction, its whirlwind, and last, but not least, the example of Society. We were both equally guilty, if there can be any question of guilt: but both were equally happy. Never for one moment have I repented of my naive abandonment amid the scent of blossoms and the song of nightingales, in the gentle murmur of the moonlit sea, in the sweet summer night. Anything more burning, more beautiful the old moon or this old world has surely never seen. Blessed for I say again, 'Blessed be that summer night!'"

Helene Meets Prince von Racowitza Once More.

For a time her parents were in Paris, where Helene von Donniges met the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon III. Fate took her once more to Berlin, where she renewed acquaintance with Prince von Racowitza. "At last on his knees he knelt before me, and with broken voice, implored, I replied, marry him when his studies were completed. I love far, far the meantime, I can find no one whom I can love than I do you, and if I do not go upon the stage would do now if it were not for silly family reasons will marry you!' This was surely no engagement, promise of any kind; but he felt himself consecrated to that moment, and gave me his entire life and love. days I was not worthy of this love; I accepted it like so many others, with a light heart, and as a matter of just as a blossoming tree in springtime accepts shine."

But the tragedy of Helene's life was soon about to be. The ideal man was soon to face her. In Berlin at the Ferdinand Lassalle began to be "the man of the hour." had become well-known in consequence of his *liaison* wife of Count Hatzfeld, and being a man of splendid with a Cæsar-like head, and unusual oratorical powers, obtained a great hold over the revolutionary element in Here is Helene's first impression of this ill-fated Jew.

The One Great Love of Helene's Life.

"I could only listen and listen, and at last, in a realised that it must be he, and no other. Everyone room listened spell-bound to his conversation, which was and powerful, sweeping over everything I had hitherto sidered as unalterable and sacred. He came into my the storm-wind that rushes over the forests and plains destroys all that is crumbling and effete. I listened enthusiastic, but nevertheless not agreeing with everything was saying. . . . . It was all over. In that very first he could have said that which he did a little later.

...we had met our destiny in each other! The evening ...ed like a dream. My happiness made me oblivious of the world, and everything he uttered seemed to flow from my own soul!"

...have been expected, this alliance of a daughter of ...man aristocracy and a Jewish revolutionary brought ...whirlwind in the family of the von Donniges. For ... was made a close prisoner by her parents, and ...resorted even to the King of Bavaria for a passport ...woman he loved. All Germany was interested in the ... At last Lassalle sent Helene's father a challenge, ... Roumanian lover undertook to fight for him.

Yanko von Racowitza Kills Lassalle.

Says Helene of this exciting moment: "A strange feeling took ...session of me. It never even occurred to me that there ...ould be any question in regard to the duel. I had always lived ...a community where the duel was considered the only means ...of avenging an insult to one's honour. During my wretched ...came a moment when I almost looked forward to it ...possible means of salvation, for I was convinced that Las... ...would kill poor Yanko. I knew that Lassalle was a dead ... he had said to me jokingly, 'Whoever tries to rob ... I'll shoot straight to the heart, just as I always hit ...eye on a target.' Yanko had hardly ever held a ... I now believed my opportunity had arrived. Lassalle ... Yanko, thought I, and the poor boy will be brought ...—everything will be in the utmost confusion. I will ...and at last I will be united to Ferdinand. My heart in ... fluctuated between hope and grief. I carefully prepared ...ing for my flight, burnt all my letters, packed a little ...ked, waited, and planned. Just now my whole soul ...sed its flight towards my idolised Ferdinand. On the morn... ...s of the 28th, Yanko left me with a brief farewell. I was ...perfectly certain I should never see him alive again; then fol... ...owed a few hours of restless waiting, and of listening for the ...carriage which was to bring home the 'corpse.' Suddenly there ... and of furious driving, and Yanko stood before me. ...ng moment for me when I beheld him, whom ...loved and believed as dead, standing alive before me! ... was said, although he was kneeling before me as ...for mercy. He had hit where he had intended to ... ignorance of fire-arms had caused the disaster; ... the ground in order to avoid his opponent. ... recoil had jerked his hand upwards, and . . . . he had hit Lassalle!"

... Yanko informed Helene that her lover ... "Go— I hate you!" was Helene's answer to the murderer of Lassalle. Yet Helene von Donniges mar... man! Was there ever so perverse and strange a ... Difficult times followed for Helene. She was ...almost unconscious with grief, to Berne, to Munich, ..., while thousands of venomous pamphlets were ...against her by the friends of Lassalle, who regarded ...real murderer. For a long time her name was the ...in Europe. At the same time she was kept ...by her people, and her marriage with Yanko ...was hurried on. They were months of real ... to be obliged to remain with her detested parents ...no deliverance but in marriage with the man who, ...though he had not wished it, was still the murderer of ...Lassalle—could one imagine a more terrible situation? ...von Racowitza was Helene's only real friend in ...days. He loved her with a love that knew no ... Then there came the parting with Yanko. The ...authorities hunted the poor fellow throughout Europe, ...back to land. Only by the aid of all kinds of diplomatic ...and Helene's father succeed in getting him on various ...to Bucharest, Vienna, Munich, and Paris, and then ...Bucharest. It was a bitter cold winter, and the delicate ...Northerner, now only twenty-one years of age, contracted a cold ...on the lungs which soon brought him face to face with Death.

Bad Omen Tragically Fulfilled.

Then it was that his cry of longing for Helene, the only ...person he loved, went straight to her heart, and the wedding ...took place hurriedly. For this the couple went to Roumania, ...where Yanko's estate was. During the wedding "the sky grew ...dark; heavy clouds crept up, and flash upon flash of lightning ...followed. Suddenly there was a tremendous clap of thunder! ...We all stood terrified; the lightning struck a tree just outside ...the church—one of three standing together—and split it through ...the centre. A murmur arose in and around the church 'A bad ...omen! The poor young wife!' And the voices grew loud, for ...the tree was Yanko's life-tree. His father, at the birth of his ...three children, had planted on the hill by the church a young ...tree for each of them. They had all flourished, but now the ...one most recently planted lay felled to the ground." The bad ...omen was soon fulfilled, and poor Yanko von Racowitza, after ...long suffering, was taken to Nice to be laid to rest, after being ...dragged all over Europe and North Africa in the hope that ...change of climate would cure him. The subsequent amazing ...career of Princess Helene von Racowitza will appear next week.

(ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.)

SPECIAL HOME NUMBER.

2d.

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You should make certain of securing a copy of this delightful fashion book before your newsagent has sold out.

This month's issue contains a supplement of PARIS FASHIONS, and among the other numerous features are a practical dressmaking lesson, help for the housewife, Motherland article and children's page, etc.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a copy from your newsagent, send 3d. stamps direct to Publisher,

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, Ltd.,

FARRINGDON HOUSE,

FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

DETAILS OF ANOTHER GREAT OFFER WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

'MINTA'S ARRIVAL.

What Happened to Knucky Soke.

Knucky Soke strolled disconsolately down the street with his hands deep in his empty pockets. His thirst was at least a "bob" one, which increased as he thought of it. He stopped and leaned against the wall of the "Green Dragon," and the sigh he heaved was quite a blast.

"Ah! I'd do anythink for five bob!" he said aloud.

"An' *what* would yer do, Knucky?"

The question came from a face fringed with sunflower-hued whiskers and framed by the open bar window.

"Anythink," Knucky answered.

"Come in, then," said Joe Plant, and after a long drink the two got to bizz.

"To-morrow," said Joe, "I expect a sister-in-law o' mine to come here to see her luvin' brother-in-law—that's me; she ain't seen me for twenty years. Now this 'ere luvin' brother-in-law—me, again, Knucky—don't want to see his dead wife's sister. 'Cos why? No money there, Knucky. An' besides"—Joe's voice dropped to a whisper—"you've 'eard about the Diseased Wife's Sister's Act, ain't yer?"

"Wot I wants yer to do is to believe you're master of the house, and to make it so uncomfortable for 'er that she'll want to get back by the next train."

"But couldn't yer do that better yerself?" asked Knucky. "Them whiskers ought to do it, Joe; besides, I ain't much good at managin' wimmen."

"No, Knucky, I couldn't do it. Seein' as 'ow 'Minta's a sort o' blood relation I shouldn't like to feel as 'ow I'd treated 'er badly. In case you should want any help, I'll stay down in the cellar, by the beer barrel, so's you'll know where to find me. Here's half-a-crown down, and the rest when 'Minta's gone for good."

* * *

The next morning a hackney carriage drawing up outside Plant's house arrested Knucky's attention just as he was turning to the cupboard for a second pot of beer. He peered through the lace curtain at a small woman who was getting out.

Cold shivers ran through him.

Running quickly to the cellar steps, he jumped down two at a time, missing the last three altogether. As he picked himself up Joe Plant collared him and asked, "What's the matter, Knucky?"

"It's *'er*, it's *'er*, Joe!" whimpered Knucky, trembling with fright. "My wife. I runned away from 'er ten years ago. For Gawd's sake don't let 'er in!"

* * *

"Sorry I didn't 'ear you knock, 'Minta," Joe said cheerfully, when he went up into the kitchen. "I was breaking coal. And 'ow are you?"

"Tired an' thirsty," she replied with an amorous grin.

Joe was immediately all attention and hospitality.

"And 'ow long will you be stopping?" he asked, loud enough for Knucky to hear in the cellar.

"I ain't quite made up my mind," she said. "A week or two at least."

"That's right. I'm downright glad," he almost shouted.

"Don't shout so, Joe," she remarked. "I ain't deaf."

"No, you bain't, but some folks as I know likes to 'ear plainly what I say," replied Joe.

Knucky, distilled almost to jelly, was wondering if he might squeeze himself through the coal-hole, and out into the street. Standing on the bucket he tired to push the grating upwards. The bucket slipped, however, causing him to fall heavily with a loud crash.

"Ow! What's that?" screamed 'Minta, jumping up. "Go down an' see, Joe. 'Praps 'tis a burglar!"

"Not I," said Joe, hardly able to repress a laugh.

"Then I will," she said, and forthwith did it, having first armed herself with a poker from the grate.

* * *

"Good-bye, Knucky," said Joe, when Knucky had to pick up the luggage and follow 'Minta, "ere's t'other 'alf-crown. You deserve it. Keep straight in future, for I don't like to know that any of my relatives are leadin' double lives. Ta ta, old sport."

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

Art Student: So you adore art! Do you paint?
Sweet Young Thing: Sir!

DON

BUY RUBBI

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2/6 Post Free for Cash with order.

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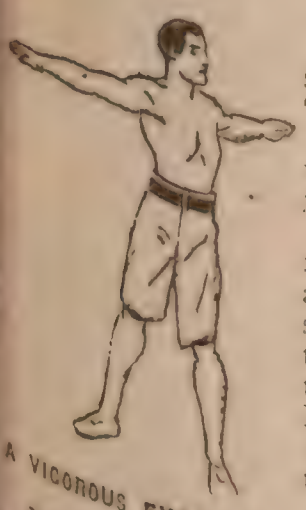

A VIGOROUS EXERCISE.

The exercise depicted in the sketch this week requires plenty of "go" to take any effect.

Stand erect with the feet planted well apart, and raise the arms to the level of the shoulders.

Now swing the body sharply round from the hips to the left, and keep the arms in line with the shoulders. You will need to exert the muscles of the arms to prevent them swinging on when the body has reached its furthest limit, but if you allow this you will lose half the benefit of the exercise.

Now swing round equally sharply to the right, without pausing in the centre.

Keep the feet firm on the floor and do not bend the knees. The exercise is intended primarily for the lateral and oblique muscles, and will incidentally develop certain muscles of the arm.

Walking Tips.

The holidays are dedicated by many men to a good tramp in the country.

All too often the enjoyment of the day is spoilt by lack of a few precautions to prevent the unwonted exercise telling on the body, and especially on the feet.

Thick woollen socks are the first essential, and they must have been darned.

Before being put on, the socks should be turned inside out and smeared with soap or dusted over with boracic powder. This will prevent chafing and soreness of feet.

If your feet are of the tender variety, they can be hardened beforehand by means of methylated spirit and tallow.

Taboo New Boots.

The boots worn must be soft, and should have been treated with dubbin or neat's foot oil for some time beforehand. On no account should new boots be used for the first time for a long cross-country tramp. They require to be "broken in" gradually.

Map out your programme before you set out. Arrange to reach at some definite place, to spend an hour or so there, and then to walk back by a different route. Otherwise you are likely to cover about half the distance you intended, and you will return home with the feeling of being only half fed.

Strap-Hanging.

When a man steps into a crowded underground railway carriage or tramcar, and is forced to stand for the greater part of his journey, he usually regards it in the light of an unforeseen misfortune.

If he only knew it, however, he is getting a little very good exercise, of a kind which he would not have the trouble of taking for its own sake.

At every jolt or movement of the car, he has to tense the muscles of his arm and shoulder to keep himself erect, and even his legs are brought into play.

CYCLE NOTES.

The latest use to which motor cars have been put is drying the track before big motor races are held. This has been done recently at Brooklands. The course for the race was found to be too wet for the preliminaries, owing to heavy rains, and the managers were at their wits end to devise a method of drying up the road.

It accidentally occurred to them that a continuous stream of motor cars would do the work. Invitations were therefore issued to owners of motor cars.

They promptly entered into the spirit of the thing, and shortly after 500 motor cars, ranging from runabouts to steam lorries were speeding around the course, with the result that the track was dried to an extent that had seemed impossible.

Many motor cyclists make the mistake of preparing a too ambitious scheme for the holiday time—130 miles for the sidecarist is quite an adequate distance. He will always be spoiling his pleasure by the feeling that he must be pushing on to reach his night quarters at a reasonable hour.

It is much better to plan a less ambitious tour, and to complete it to schedule time, allowing plenty to spare.

Clothing is an important consideration in this changeable climate of ours. It is a mistake to set out unprepared for the worst.

The motor cyclist can calculate his expenses to a nicety by careful study of the hotel tariffs in one of the many handbooks published by the motoring organisations.

* * *

It is unnecessary to point out that the machine should be thoroughly overhauled before setting out on a tour.

Tyres should be beyond reproach. They have a nasty habit of going wrong miles from nowhere. Some good tyre hints were given in my notes last week, so we may safely leave that subject.

If a chain drive is fitted to your machine, the chains should be removed and thoroughly cleaned in a bath of petrol or paraffin, and when clean, carefully inspected for loose or cracked rollers.

The bearings should be adjusted, and given a good dose of oil of medium consistency.

In fact, a good "oil up" of all essential parts should not be overlooked. A good kit of tools and spares are absolutely necessary to the safe carrying out of your tour programme.

WORLD'S RECORD
166,000 MILES
ON A BIKE SUPPLIED BY ME.

Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes:- "During most of the time I had it I rode over **400 MILES** a week. The total distance I and my friends covered was no less than **166,000 MILES.**" This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply **HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES, FOR £3 10s. CASH,** (*Makers' Price*, £6 6s.).
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A TIP FROM AN EXPERT.

The Editor of "Health and Strength" writes "I have had an opportunity of studying the now famous St. Settef Course of Will-Culture, and I must admit that it is very thorough. My investigation has proved to me conclusively that the will is just as much in need of exercise as the muscles, and the St. Settef people certainly know how to train it."
By means of this simple, yet ingenious system **you** can develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in from three to four months. Also enormously increase your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance and Personal Magnetism. Only a few minutes daily required. The fee for the **whole Course** (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only **2/6** (abroad **6d.** extra). The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol **to-day.**
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STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

There is very little business doing owing to the holidays, but brighter markets are anticipated after Easter.

* * *

The only active stock among Home Rails is Great Central Pref., which has continued to advance on speculative investment purchases.

* * *

The South Eastern traffic return for last week shows a gain of £16,637, which compares with a local strike decrease of £12,000 this time last year.

* * *

With labour troubles settled and big traffic increases to be looked for, Railway stock should go much better.

* * *

Americans generally have been slightly better and Eries, that I have specially recommended, are about a point to the good.

* * *

Now is the time to get into Eries for a substantial rise.

* * *

If the traffic increase shown by the Mexican Railway Company is any guide, the state of affairs in that country must be on the improve.

* * *

I still say Mexican Railway Ordinary stock is an attractive speculation at about £50, and the Second Pref., full of a half year's 6 per cent. dividend, are decidedly cheap at £91½.

* * *

Rubber shares have remained neglected, and the same can almost be said of Oils with the exception of Spies and Ural Caspians.

* * *

The former have been strongly bid for and keep very firm at 27s. All those who purchased Spies as a speculation on my recommendation at 23s. should now take their profit.

* * *

Urals have had a sharp relapse on adverse rumours and heavy sales of options. Rumours are current that an unfavourable circular is to be published shortly.

* * *

Chartereds have been freely offered by disappointed bulls and have further declined in price.

* * *

West African Gold shares have remained neglected, Ashanti Goldfields being unaffected by the declaration of a dividend of 1s. per share, which is the same as a year ago.

* * *

Readers still continue to write to me about the circulars they receive from bucket shops. I can only repeat what I have so often said, have nothing whatever to do with these circularising touts.

* * *

If you wish to speculate or invest money, do so only through a recognised member of the Stock Exchange.

* * *

The following is the latest report received from The Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Co. :—

Manager reports under date 22nd February, 1913: "Emerald Isle." "Have driven another 7ft. in No. 1 Shaft W. Reef looking very satisfactory, panning 11-12 dwts. over 36ins. Have also started to drive in an Adit S.E. in the hill above No. 1 Shaft which looks very promising."

* * *

RUBBER DIVIDENDS PAYABLE.

The following table shows the recent rubber dividends and the dates when payable, with the total distributions for the current financial year :—

Announced	Company.	Div.	Total for year to date.	Payable
Feb. 26	Banteng	7½*	7½	April 1
Mar. 5	Bukit Lintang	20*	20	April 1
Mar. 18	Damansara	32½	70	April 15
Mar. 13	Deviturai	6	10	Mar. 20
Feb. 26	Dimbula Valley	15	25	April 1
Mar. 15	Federated Selangor	30*	90	April 4
Mar. 13	Galang Besar	1¾d*	1¾d	April 6
Mar. 6	General Ceylon	22½	37½	April 1
Mar. 15	Glen. R and T.	7½*	7½	Mar. 22
Mar. 19	Golden Hope	22½	35	
Mar. 6	Harpenden	45	150	
Mar. 5	Inch Kenneth	30*	30	
Mar. 14	Kifulu	5	5	
Mar. 15	Kurau	27½	42½	
Mar. 11	Langkat Sumatra	17½	30	
Mar. 7	New Crocodile	5	5	
Mar. 17	Nordanal	12½	17½	
Mar. 7	Pataling	100	275	
Mar. 8	Poonmudi	5	7½	
Mar. 17	Selaba	18	28	
Mar. 12	Straits Rubber	22½	57½	
Mar. 13	Tremelbye	20*	20	

* Interim.

* * *

HOME RAILWAY TRAFFIC RETURNS.

	Receipts.	Inc. or Dec.
Great Eastern	100,700	... +
Great Northern (Ireland)	21,985	... —
Great Northern and City	1,474	... +
Great North of Scotland	—	... +
Highland	[illegible]	...
Mersey	[illegible]	...
Metropolitan	13,05[illegible]	...
South-Eastern and Chatham	81,822	...

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

C. E. (Beckenham).—Brazilian Traction are worth buying at 96 or 97, and if you only want them for a speculation I should wait par or 101.

H. W. (Glasgow).—Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are an excellent your £500, and the Stock is likely to appreciate considerably in the year.

Disappointed.—We all are at seeing prices so low; but buy shares, and if you have money to spare average by buying present low price.

J. G. (Kingston).—Districts are a good buy now for a two-point from an investment point of view, you cannot do better than Rubber Estates, which will show you a yield of over 14 per

Enquirer (York).—The sum you want to invest is very small you have saved up £20 or £30, then write to me again.

J. W. (Oxford).—I think National Steam Cars are well w and also Bowerman's Press 1s. shares at par.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE. WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

TABLOID TOPICS.

From Here, There, and Everywhere.

A baby, it is said, will recognise its mother long before its father. Mum's the word!

* * *

The Suffragettes have now burnt two railway stations. Evidently they are still burning to get the vote.

* * *

The centenary of the top-hat is to be celebrated this year. Some people are complaining that this inartistic form of hat has survived too long. If this is so, the fault is on our own heads.

* * *

A newly-married couple are taking a five years' honeymoon walk. Their family will probably join them on the way.

* * *

Doctors are complaining of a new disease—ruddycarditis. Unfortunately it is one of those disorders that can't be stamped out.

* * *

A set of false teeth was the prize at a whist-drive in connection with an Irish social gathering at St. Helens. Such a prize must have made the winner smile. At least, it has a definite face-value.

* * *

A Swedish tradesman has adopted the idea of printing his advertisement on the back of all banknotes that come into his possession. This should prove a paying advertisement.

* * *

Red-haired girls, it is said, have no difficulty in getting married. Love laughs at ruddy-locks myths.

* * *

Lord Roberts is leading a vigorous campaign in the interests of National Defence. He is still a soldier true to the "corps."

* * *

At the Irish Musical Festival, a choir refused to sing a madrigal because the word "kiss" occurred twice in it. The objection, however, is still on everybody's lips.

* * *

The threatened tailors' strike has been averted by the masters agreeing to an increase in their employees' wages. We are glad of that, for most well-dressed man owe much to their tailors.

* * *

A Southport alderman protests that the Art Gallery is used on Sundays as a shelter from the rain. Evidently a sort of Ark gallery.

* * *

"We are a long way behind the Continental powers in aerial navigation." France and Germany are certainly "more taken up" with their work.

* * *

Officers' Training Corps contingents from several public schools have been taking part in a sham fight on Salisbury Plain. As usual, the affair ended in nothing but smoke.

* * *

The best food for hunger-strikers—Chaff.

* * *

It is suggested that dugong oil absorbed through the skin would serve the hunger-strikers as a substitute for food. We dare not let them starve—ay, there's the rub.

* * *

Japanese and Chinese patterns are to be the features of the newest wallpapers. Some people might say this is a "far-fetched" idea.

* * *

Referring to slashed skirts, the *Daily Express* says, "No English woman wants to dress in a way that would render her too conspicuous." Too long a slash would certainly do that.

* * *

A great vat of stout burst at a brewery at Cork and a workman had to swim through the liquor to save himself from drowning. This is no great feat. We know a man who actually lived on beer for months.

* * *

A blackbeetle appearing on a concert platform at Brisbane, frightened a lady vocalist and nearly caused a panic. The insect was not killed in the "crush," but the manager has promised to put his foot down on such intrusions in future.

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NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST TO THE FULL YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Doings.

The sporting public generally read of Bombardier Wells' crushing defeat at the hands of "Gunboat" Smith with a pang of deep sympathy, for it may be said that no other boxer has gained such a position of esteem in the public eye as that attained by Wells.

When he was beaten some time back by Gunner Moir, he was forgiven by his youth and inexperience; later he was knocked out by Al. Palzer, but on his magnificent showing in the previous rounds, his reputation suffered but little.

Now, however, he stands beaten in two rounds by a comparative novice, a man ten pounds lighter than himself, who was chosen principally to fill in the time while a match with Luther McCarthy was being arranged. Surely Billy must have something wrong somewhere. We await full details with interest.

* * *

A match has been arranged in which Kid Lewis will meet Young Brooks on April 7th, at the N.S.C., for the right to a match for the featherweight championship. Now for it!

* * *

The second tournament at the capacious Canterbury Music Hall is being arranged, and Georges Carpentier will probably figure on the bill. Private Voyles was to have opposed him, but the Irish Guardsman lost on Monday to Packy Mahoney, at the National, which will possibly result in his being overlooked.

* * *

Harry Lewis appears to be right on top of his form again, and scored an easy K.O. victory over Jack Harrison, at Headquarters, on Monday. He was all over our pet middleweight, putting over the sleep producer in the third round.

* * *

Last Saturday, Mr. Bettinson promised to match Gus Platts with Tom McCormick next month if the former succeeded in beating Billy Hughes on Monday. This he has done, and a further elimination contest in the welterweight division between Platts and McCormack is assured.

* * *

We hear from Australia that those dear old pals, Sam Langford and Jim Barry, have been at it again, Langford winning in less than a round.

Perhaps some of our readers can remember whether this is the fifteenth or sixteenth match between these two; we can't.

Friend: Why, Elvira, what's the matter?

Elvira: Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet!

Friend: She doesn't?

Elvira: No, not a word! She must be in love with my husband!

WONDERFUL FLOWER SEEDS.

Just now, when the "call of the garden" is stirring the blood and occupying the mind of every garden lover, the famous Sweet Pea King, Mr. Henry Eckford, is issuing a very timely and necessary warning.

Whatever you do, counsels this great horticulturist, do not waste your time and money on rubbishy seeds. There are more disappointments due to poor seed than to any other single cause known. Year by year the market is flooded with old and dead seed—seed which will never grow into the plants and flowers so ardently longed for. To buy good live seed should be the golden rule of every gardener, particularly as—thanks to Mr. Eckford—thoroughly reliable seeds of the very choicest strains are now procurable at such modest prices.

A handsomely illustrated catalogue and garden guide is issued by Mr. Eckford, and this should unquestionably be in the hands of every amateur gardener at the present moment. It contains not only the best flower seeds, but also gives a list of the vegetable seeds which, equally with his floral wonders, have won for Mr. Eckford an undying reputation wherever gardening is practised.

This very useful and attractive catalogue-guide is sent post free on request, and readers cannot do better than to address a postcard to-day to Mr. H. S. Eckford, Dept. 100, Wem, Shropshire.

RACING NEWS.

BY "OLD HAND."

It seems somewhat strange to have to mention any meeting in connection with the opening of the flat season other than Lincoln, but the fact remains that have to in this instance, as owing to the Easter Ho falling so early, Kempton Park opens the season.

The Queen's Prize is, of course, the most important to be dealt with, and this is the only one I propose d with; in fact, I do not propose to give selections f other race this week, as it is just as well to wait un first few days are through, so that we can form som of what stables are in form. So far as the big race is concerned, I think there are some half-dozen a that must all be bunched together as having a chanc

The first of these is Warlingham, last season's C witch winner. I have not been able to trace any r from the training centre, as to his well-being or othe but I do not know that this matters a great deal, a Sievier fancies his horse very much, and that coun more than anything else. Aye Aye, as the winner Derby Cup, must of course come into consideration, she is up to concert pitch, might very easily take this though there are others for which I have more fancy m

King Midas, I am told, was never better than he is present time, and I know his connections are very san as to his chance. He proved a bit of a disappoint last season, but since being under the charge of his p trainer, he has regained a lot of his old time gameness he is one that I am fully prepared to see run very well

The animal I have most fancy for on the streng information from the right people is Major Sy who I am assured will most certainly win a race o mile and a half before the season is a few weeks old, if he does not win this. Fallon has been very busy him for some time past, slipping him along to some pose at every opportunity, and he will not be recog as the same horse when he sports silk to-day. He horse I advise you to back for to-day's race, and if he s be beaten, do not on any account miss him until you your money back with interest.

A chance not to be missed is offered by the Uni Turf Society, of Lucerne, Switzerland. £5,000 is gu teed by them on the result of the Derby.

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By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The lapels of a morning coat should not be artificially stiffened, nor should they be perfectly flat. They should "roll," that is, they should be so soft that buttoning the coat does not disarrange them.

* * *

Well cut lapels are the mark of a good tailor.

* * *

No, A.H. (Canterbury), the fact of your being in mourning does not entitle you to wear a black tie with evening dress.

* * *

The King is very partial to the velvet-collared overcoat. The Prince of Wales takes after his father in liking a "bowler" hat. He wore one when witnessing the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

* * *

Cashmere makes a very good suiting. It does not bag at the knees nearly so readily as tweed or flannel.

* * *

Spats should be worn with shoes. Over boots they rarely fit properly and tend to make the feet look clumsy.

* * *

Do not immediately press trousers that have become very baggy. Let them have two or three days' rest before putting them in the press.

* * *

Men with thin necks should avoid wing collars, or others open at the front. By the way, a thin neck is often due to the habitual use of tight neckwear.

* * *

Men are so divided on the trouser turn-up question that when ordering a suit it is advisable, assuming that you have two pairs of trousers, to have one cut turned up and the other not.

* * *

The craze for plush hats is rapidly passing. Thank the Lord!

* * *

Waistcoats are being cut with longer and longer "points," while the tendency is also for coat lapels to grow in length.

* * *

A coat hanger will add greatly to the life of your coats, and is quite inexpensive.

* * *

One of the best dressed men in the House of Commons is Colonel the Rt. Hon. Mark Amelius Lockwood, P.C., M.P., His "topper" is always a miracle of glossiness.

* * *

Wedding rings for men are becoming more and more popular. Germans, of course, have long worn them.

* * *

An attempt has been made to revive coloured handkerchiefs, but without success.

* * *

Three or four small buttons on the coat cuff are fashionable.

* * *

Beware of short gloves. Nothing is uglier than a patch of wrist between glove and cuff.

She: I am almost baked. I have been shut up in a close, stuffy room for two hours.
He: What was the occasion for that?
She: A meeting of our Fresh-Air Society.

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, and send it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and a letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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